

OUR DUMB Animals

AUGUST • 1945



ONE HOUR OLD

—Mrs. Henry Bedinger

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMAN EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
Assistant Editor — WILLIAM M. MORRILL

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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Animals in Fire

OF LATE, it seems, the Nation's press has been carrying more stories than ever before about horses and cattle dying in stable fires. A few states, of which Massachusetts is one, have good fire regulations as they relate to animal protection. In the great majority, however, adequate laws or ordinances to prevent such catastrophies are either very scanty or totally lacking.

As a matter of fact, it is surprising that more animals do not perish in the horrible way only a fire can produce. These helpless animals are either tied in a stable or locked in a box stall, and, in either case, they are unable to get out by themselves. The fire hazards evident in some stables and race tracks are shocking, to say the very least. Careless smoking by stable employees near hay storage—often on the same floor as the animals—harness or wagons blocking the exits, and the lack of sprinkler systems, as well as trained fire fighters add to the danger.

Into this dark picture has come some light of hope. A Committee, composed of humane society officials, is, at the present time, giving serious attention to all these problems. Many valuable suggestions have already come to the fore, and with the cooperation of representatives of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, we have every reason to believe there will come some concrete proposals and standards. It will then be the duty of all humanitarians and societies to help secure legislation where necessary and assist in the enforcement of laws passed. This is a serious situation requiring the attention of all interested in animal protection.

E. H. H.

OUR AGENTS IN THE FIELD

Following are a few of the typical cases investigated by our agents in their state-wide crusade against cruelty:

An interesting case developed when it was reported to one of our officers that a woman had pastured a man's cows on her land and refused to let him feed or milk them.

On inspection, our agent found that the cows, 27 in number, had damaged her newly planted field of wheat and she was holding the animals until the owner paid her damages. It was explained to the woman that her best course was to release the cows to their owner so that he could feed and milk them, for if anything happened to them while she was holding them, she would be held responsible. If, on the other hand, she let the cows go, had her damages estimated by a disinterested party and brought action against the owner, she could get redress through the courts. Following this advice, she consented to liberate the cows.

The complaint in this case was against a man who threw a stone at a dog and broke its leg.

Our officer talked with the man who claimed that the dogs attacked him, but a witness to the action stated that the offender was delivering furniture and stopped to watch two dogs fighting. After one dog left, the man picked up a stone

and threw it at the other dog, breaking its leg. A complaint was issued against the man and he pleaded *nolo contendere*. The plea accepted, he agreed to pay the veterinarian's fee of \$25 for treating the dog.

Tying hens' feet together with string was the basis for another complaint. Investigation proved the complaint justified. Nine hens were found with one foot of each tied with string about a foot apart. The hens were released and owner warned.

Another case involved three men who, turned down at one riding academy for abuse to horses, procured steeds from another academy.

Our agent arrived at academy and waited for the three men to come in. He saw them about a mile from the school and noted that they were using the horses all right, but were pushing them right along. When they came in, the animals were in fair condition, not too wet. However our officer lectured the men and pointed out the stringent laws affecting abuse of riding horses. He took the names of the men and told them if other complaints came to him, he would have to take them into court. This scene, taking place before fifteen or twenty other riders, served the double purpose of warning the offenders and cautioning all others against abuse.

Kindness Rewarded

BRONZE medals for kindness were recently awarded to two boys at our Springfield Branch by Agent John T. Brown.

William H. Dagenais, 18, of Springfield, received his medal for rescuing a dog from the river after it had been thrown from the North End bridge. The boy was standing near the middle of the bridge when a car stopped and a man kicked a dog from the car. Then he picked up the animal and threw it over the railing, and sped away.

Racing to the spot, the lad looked over and saw the dog swimming for shore. He ran down to the end of the bridge and when he saw the dog stop near the third span, apparently from exhaustion, he went into the river and brought the animal ashore.

Bringing the dog to our Springfield Hospital for treatment of a lacerated foreleg, the boy reported the incident. Unfortunately he failed to get the car registration number. Agent Brown, however, is investigating the case, seeking to identify the man, who so heartlessly treated the dog, and bring him to justice.

The second medal was awarded to John Buczek, 16, of Chicopee Falls, for rescuing a cat from the river. The cat, a large maltese, was sighted on the middle span of the Chicopee Falls bridge, about 40 feet below the roadway.

Mr. Brown, called to the scene, summoned aid from the fire department. Chief Ernest Laflamme answered the call with six men. They lowered a 40-foot ladder and the chief went down to the rescue. The cat, however, started around the eight-inch ledge where it had been crouching, became frightened, leaped into the river and was carried down stream for a distance of fifty feet. There it managed to clamber out onto a stone and finally made a jump to a small island.

Then it was that John Buczek went into the water and brought the cat to the mainland, and to Agent Brown who thanked the young man profusely.

In presenting the medals, Mr. Brown pointed out that they were medals of honor, awarded to those who show extraordinary kindness to animals in distress.

"The Society feels honored to know that its humane education has gone forth to produce good in our youths today. In your acts of kindness, you have shown what real American boys can do for helpless creatures. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals commends your humane deeds and presents these awards as a token of its appreciation."

Still another medal was awarded to Malcolm Richmond for saving two dogs from a burning shed.



John Buczek and William Dagenais with the dog receive the awards from Agent Brown.



These three chums, eating from the same dish, illustrate an outstanding example of unusual friendship.

Utterly alien creatures sometimes form—

Unusual Friendships

By JEWELL CASEY

Some animals are notably more sociable than others, yet nearly all of them yearn for companionship. When for some reason or another they cannot associate with their own kind, they sometimes form lasting and fiercely devoted attachments to creatures utterly alien.

Some animal relationships are of a mutual assistance agreement. Perhaps the most noted of these "I'll-help-you-you-help-me" pacts is that of the fierce crocodile and the small plover. The little bird is permitted to pick morsels of food from the razor-sharp teeth of the mighty reptile without fear of being swallowed. And to pay for the plentiful meal, the bird twitters a warning alarm if danger approaches.

Another "lend-lease" agreement is between the rhinoceros and the African tick bird. This obliging bird rids the rhinoceros of ticks and other annoying insects, and in return the huge beast tolerates the bird for the favor rendered. The birds, in return for their work, have a constant source of food.

In India there is a certain species of crab which carries a couple of stinging sea-anemones around in its claws as a protective measure. The anemone looks

like a beautiful flower, but is really a poisonous animal. The advantage in this case seems to be one-sided—nothing is gained by the anemone in this strange relationship.

The three-toed sloth, who spends most of its lazy life hanging from the branches of trees would be an easy prey for many animals were it not for the odd friendship between it and great colonies of gray-green algae. These algae are almost the exact shade of certain plants upon which the sloth lives, therefore, they make a perfect camouflage for the sloth, and it in return furnishes them a good home.

The giant clams off the Australian coast would not be nearly so large were it not for the assistance given them from little algae which grow inside the shells of the clams. The ocean algae supply oxygen to the huge bivalves.

No one has been able to figure out what advantage either the rattlesnake or armadillo gain by associating together, yet they are frequently found occupying the same underground home.

Like many human friendships, some animal friendships are not to be accounted for either by the theory of protection, mutual aid, or loneliness. For

example not many years ago a Spitz dog in Atlanta, Georgia, adopted a cat and soon afterward took upon herself the care of two young mice. She seemed to know instinctively that cats and mice were not usually good friends, yet she managed to teach her foster children to respect one another and live harmoniously together.

There are authentic records where milch cows have adopted orphaned calves, fawns and moose calves. Dog mothers have adopted baby coyotes and cat mothers have adopted baby skunks.

One outstanding example of unnatural friendship was in Southwest Texas, where a Brahma cow adopted a mule colt. The colt's mother died, and no one could say just how the adoption came about, but the cow raised the colt and was fiercely devoted to it.

A rancher in Texas raised a litter of dogs and hogs together. The pups and pigs played together as one big happy family. When in trouble if a pup called for help, the pigs would invariably rush to the rescue.

Given the opportunity, almost any combination may develop between one kind of creature and another, just as between people and any kind of animal.

ANIMAL LORE

BABY GORILLAS

WILL LIVE IN CAPTIVITY
ONLY WHEN THEY
ARE GIVEN
COMPANIONSHIP
AND AFFECTION
FROM SOME ONE
THEY HAVE LEARNED
TO LOVE AND TRUST.

SAINT JOHN



Our Rhyming Friends

By JOSEPH BUCHANAN

BIRDS and animals have always played featured roles in the nursery rhymes and jingles that continue to delight young children through one generation after another.

We can meet a varied gathering of feathered and four-legged friends in these rhymes, jingles and tales of our youthful yesterdays. Among them are "four and twenty black-birds" and the sheep that caused all the trouble for sleepy-headed Little Boy Blue.

We are reminded of the "three blind mice" and the inquisitive mouse that spent its time running up and down the hall clock to the tune of "hickory, dickory, dock." We, also, recall that "this little pig went to market" in the days before rationing; and that Little Miss Muffet had her troubles with the spider that sat down beside her.

For rhyming companions they had a few of our feline friends—"Puss in Boots" and "puss in the corner" and "pussy in the well." Nor can we soon forget the adventures of Goldilocks and the three bears, or Little Red Riding Hood and the "big bad wolf."

We can sympathize with Mother Hubbard's dog and the empty cupboard, and brighten up at the sound of cheery "little robin redbreast" with his eternal song of spring. And someone should have warned the fly that was invited to "come into my parlor" by the scheming spider.

The athletic cow that "jumped over the moon" must share its popularity with the fable of the tortoise and the hare, as well as the wolf and the sour grapes. No less popular, of course, is Bruce's spider—a legend that has been told and retold so often that it has actually found a place in some history books. Mary's little lamb probably figures in the most popular of all nursery rhymes. It has a worldwide reputation among children and adults, alike, and has been translated into more languages than many a volume of classic literature of more serious proportions.

Several verses of "Mary's Little Lamb," by the way, were the first words to be spoken into the first phonograph and played back as a recording at its first public demonstration. Few nursery rhymes or jingles can match that historic achievement!

Parrot versus Bugle

By ALBERT M. VITALE

THE mystery aboard one of our destroyers in the Pacific Ocean has been solved. For weeks, the shipmates of "Bob" Westley were puzzled as to why Bob was always up mornings and almost dressed before the morning call came awakening the rest of the sailors. Every morning, lately, Bob was beating them all above decks.

The boys searched sailor Bob's duffel bag and belongings in an attempt to discover how he managed to be up each morning ahead of them. They found no alarm clock or other means of alarm. They overlooked one thing, though, and that was sailor Bob's pet parrot, "Snooks," who slept at the head of Bob's hammock.

After having a great deal of fun with the boys, Bob let them in on the secret. The parrot was his silent alarm clock.

Snooks would awaken unerringly every morning about ten minutes before call time. He would then climb down from his perch and nip the sailor lightly on the ear just enough to arouse him. Bob would then get up and start dressing and have a good head start on the rest of the fellows. For months, the bird has never failed to have Bob up and ready. The parrot doesn't like battles, though. The minute the guns begin to go off, he dives down the companionway, finds Bob's hammock and crawls beneath the blankets until the fighting is over. The sailor purchased the parrot from an Australian boy some months ago. The parrot is probably showing his appreciation by making himself useful to his new master.

"The only trouble with having Snooks for an alarm clock," says Bob, "is that he can't distinguish between mornings when I'm supposed to get up, and mornings when I'm permitted, after the night watch, to go on sleeping. He just simply wakes me up every morning."



It is unlawful, in Iowa, for any person to keep a horse in the rooms of an apartment house.



WHEN it comes to the art of courting and proposing to a fair maiden, the average man just doesn't measure up to the experts. Especially, in comparison with members of the animal world, is man truly backward in his mode of proposing. The male of the human species is content with putting the "diamond" on his favorite girl and then sitting back while she makes all future plans.

This, however, is not the case with the animals, who are not supposed to be too intelligent. All of them have their own particular manner of courting and winning the consent of their loved ones. No two seem to have the same technique.

Take the male penguin, for example. He comes closest to following man's pattern. After he picks out a "sweetie," he comes calling on her every day. Then, when he gets up enough nerve, he takes her for a walk along the beach and gives her a "heart-to-heart" talk in his best penguin language. The talk might last for several hours and then Mr. Penguin goes into action. He looks around on the beach and picks up a stone which he offers to Miss Penguin as a token of his devotion and desire to be her mate for life. If Miss Penguin takes the stone in her bill, the happy male knows that he has made the grade. But, if Miss Penguin drops the stone, Mr. Male knows that he has been rejected and off he goes to look elsewhere for a bride.

Now, let's look at the spider family. When the male spider comes a-courting, he dresses all up and spins the most beautiful web that he is capable of making. By jerking his web in a manner to attract his beloved's attention, the male spider then spins his love tale. If the female spider admires the pattern work of the web, she looks with favor on her suitor and hops over and joins webs with him. Sometimes, this courting proposition is a matter of life or death with the male. If the female takes a fancy to him, well and good! But, if Miss Spider cannot see him, even with rose-colored webs, she will not only reject him, but, perhaps, will eat him for having the audacity to want to marry her. The male spider is usually under the spell of a lover's moon and is easy prey for the female who cares not for his designs, either from a love standpoint or as a spinner of webs. So, Mr. Spider has to be careful about his courting, and he must know a little about the temperament of his beloved before he does any fancy spinning!

The prairie chicken is considered a clown and when the male chick goes courting in the springtime, his actions are clownish, to say the least. But to the male, this is all serious business at hand. A male chick's fancy turns to love in the spring and he corners the object of his affections, usually near a log in a secluded spot. The hen chick stands still while her suitor walks up and down before her. All puffed up, he struts and bows to her while he clucks continuously. In prairie chicken language, the male tells her what a good "catch" he is and his ability to provide a home for her and, as he hopes, their little ones. The strutting, bowing and clucking continue for hours, while the two argue the whole thing out. Finally, the damsel makes her decision. If she accepts the proposal that her suitor has handed her, she drums on the log and the male chick knows that he has won out. The drumming summons the rest of the brood and the female hands out the announcement that she has said "yes" to Joe Chick. And then, while the approving other prairie chickens watch, the engaged pair strut proudly away. But, if the hen chick does not drum on the log and instead turns her back on the suitor, Mr. Male knows that his work was in vain.

The male owl, who sees only the gloomy side of life anyway, makes an even gloomier lover. When the penguin, spider and prairie chicken go courting in daylight, Mr. Owl has to wait until night so that he can have some privacy. He is like man, in this respect. The owl, having made a date previously with his "special number," meets her at midnight in their favorite tree. The two sit out on a limb and thrash things over. Mr.

Animal Courtship

by P.D. Keating



Three Lions Photo

Midnight—and "out on a limb."

Owl is not one to "beat around the bush." He goes into his "song-and-dance" immediately and announces to the female what his plans for the future are. The pair then bill like a couple of pigeons, but soon they remember they are owls and begin to hoot it up. Miss Owl starts to question her suitor about his financial status and the male knows that she has him out on another limb besides the one they are sitting on. He begins to hoot wildly and the listener can gather from his sad hooting that Mr. Owl is getting the well-known "business." But the male promises his beloved that he will be a good provider and that he will be a good Night Owl and that the little woman will not have to worry about herself and the little ones. (All the male birds, beasts and insects mention having families, as it makes a good sales-talk.) The female hoots very sadly as she has her doubts about Tommy Owl. On the other hand, she knows that she is getting along in years and this may be her last chance. With daylight fast approaching, she knows that she must make a decision. When she changes her tone and swings into billing from hooting, the male owl realizes that he has been accepted. Then, they bill together and off they fly to break the news to the folks. If the female owl does not bill at the first sign of dawn, then the match is off. Miss Owl then flies away, leaving her jilted lover sitting by himself on the tree limb, asking himself if it were worth the effort!

Strange Adoptions

ARE animals capable of greater love than humans?

This may be true, if we are to judge from the willingness of animal-mothers to adopt strange offspring.

From Williamsburg, Virginia, comes the story of a barred owl which has raised three families of chickens. Three different broods of fluffy chicks came out of their shells to find they had been warmed, hatched and fussed over with complete devotion by a most unusual foster mother—an owl.

Just the other day the case of another strange adoption was recorded in Seattle, Washington. An orphan pig became the step-child of "Boots," a big Dalmatian dog who treats her snout-nosed child no differently than if he were a pup.

There are many other similar cases. The ancient Roman believed in the legend of Romulus and Remus, the twins who were supposed to have been raised by a wolf. From time to time we hear tales of apes which have cared tenderly for lost human children. But have you ever heard of human parents adopting a child who was not of their own race and color?

—Ida M. Pardue



Wild-life Modernism

ALITTLE probing in the realm of wild life will make us wonder if we are as modern as we think.

Long before the alarm clock was no more than a speck in man's imagination, the orb weaver spider had its own type of alarm clock which never fails to awaken it—which is more than we can say about our own alarm clocks today.

The spider's alarm clock is a tiny thread which is strung from the center of its web to a nearby hiding place. If the spider happens to be asleep when an insect gets caught in the web, the commotion caused by the captured insect will vibrate the line. This awakens the spider, who then scrambles to the web to make a meal of the insect.

To protect her eggs from the weather, the praying mantis has always used thermos bottles.

The insect surrounds her eggs with a mass of bubbles, which accomplishes the same thing as the thermos bottle. The mass of bubbles keeps the eggs at an even temperature, regardless of changes in the weather.

The wasp has always known how to preserve meat. The worms and insects which the wasp uses for food are kept fresh for a long period because of paralyzing fluid which the wasp injects into the victim.

—George S. Lookabaugh

The Remarkable Ostrich

By MABEL IRENE SAVAGE

FEW birds have a more unusual and remarkable assortment of features than the ostrich, with his towering height, cloven feet, scanty feathers, and eyes with upper eyelashes like those of a human being! Everything about him is decidedly extraordinary. Many authorities on bird life call the ostrich one of the birds which has lost its power of flight.

Ancient Greeks called the ostrich the "camel-bird," a name which it still bears in many parts of the Near East. The Arabs dubbed the ostrich "The Father of the Desert," and the ancient Hebrews referred to it as "The Daughter of the Desert."

The ostrich has, from very early ages, been known as a native of the deserts of Asia and Africa. It is a singular fact that the drearier the desert the more the ostrich loves it as his native home. And in this sea of sand, no matter how barren, the ostrich can find sufficient food. These queer birds have an appetite to match their bizarre appearance, for they will eat bits of rags, leather, stones, wood, grass, snails, lizards, or even pieces of metal! They are also fond of dates and certain kinds of nuts.

Because of its great size, the ostrich has been used to carry men and other burdens upon its back, like a horse or a camel. Goldsmith says: "The tyrant Firmius, who reigned in Egypt about the end of the third century, was frequently carried by large ostriches. Moore, an English traveler, relates that he had seen, at Joar, in Africa, a man traveling on an ostrich; and Villisniere speaks of a young man who exhibited himself upon one of these birds at Venice."

In the Language of Sport

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

THE world of animals has had a marked influence in developing the peculiar and sometimes mystifying language of sports. Perhaps that is to be expected when so many of us started out with such childhood games as "duck on the rock" and "ducks and drakes"—or even the old-time indoor pastime "puss in the corner."

Baseball casually refers to a low bouncing ball as a "grasshopper," while one hit into the air is invariably a "fly ball." Scoreless innings are "goose eggs" in baseball parlance and the player who makes costly errors is likely to become the "goat" of the game.

Gymnastics has its "long horse" and "side horse." Golfers talk enviously about "birdies" and "eagles," while no badminton game could be complete without a "bird." Also, in the feathered family of the sports world are the "duck pin" bowling enthusiasts.

Boxing, of course, has its "bantam" and "fly" weight divisions. You might even stretch a point in this case and include the "featherweight" class. And in rowing it's an unlucky oarsman who "catches a crab" and thus upsets the rhythm of the crew.

The dexterity of athletes themselves often invites comparison with our four-legged and feathered friends. "Nimble as a cat" is a press and radio favorite that is closely seconded by the descriptive "ran like a scared jack rabbit."

College football takes the prize, however, with its collection of bird and animal nicknames. Golden Bears, Owls, Horned Frogs, Mustangs, Bulldogs, Yellowjackets and all the rest strive annually for football supremacy on the white-chalked gridirons of the nation.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

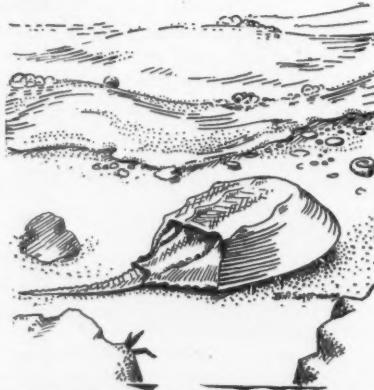
By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Independent Creature

*The horseshoe crab's a funny thing;
He's really not all there;
He can't see with the eyes he has;
But doesn't seem to care.*

*He uses legs as we do teeth,
And still he doesn't mind;
A more contrary animal
Would be quite hard to find!*



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Fighting Felines at Sea

By W. J. BANKS

THE SHIP'S KITTEN JUST FITS IN THE SAILOR'S HAT.

NAVAL mascots represent a fair cross-section of the world's fauna, ranging from "Charlie," a uniformed chimpanzee who heaves on the hawser with the best of them, to "Seaman Jake," a mouse whose chief claim to fame is his ability to sip sweet tea while perched on the rim of the mug. But the ship's cat has a unique place in the affection of most sailors. For he is the recognized luck charm, the special guardian of the vessel's food fortune.

That is one reason why everybody aboard, including the "old man" himself, will go to any length to see that the ship's cat stays aboard. "Whiskey," mascot of a destroyer which went through some of the hottest fights of the Mediterranean campaigns, once deserted to a sister ship while the two destroyers were in port. Months afterwards, the two ships met at sea. "Return my cat at once," was the skipper's abrupt signal. And "time out" from the Battle of the Mediterranean was called while a boat was lowered and Whiskey returned to his—beg pardon, her—rightful domain. At last reports Whiskey was nursing four appropriately dusky kittens, having enjoyed a spot of shore leave in an African port, while the ship was en route to far eastern waters.

Cats, with traditional feline aplomb



and self-confidence, are among the least affected of all animals by the din and danger of gunfire. "Scouse," mascot of the British cruiser *Exeter*, made his unruffled rounds of the decks and battle stations during the first spectacular naval engagement of the war, which led to the scuttling of the battleship *Graf Spee*. News photos showed Scouse to be the first crew member to descend the gangplank when the badly damaged *Exeter* returned to a British port.

"The cat came back" theme received further confirmation when a merchantman sank through enemy action in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Weeks afterwards, when rescued seamen were recuperating at a town hundreds of miles away from the scene of the disaster, who should turn up but "Torpedo," the ship's cat! No one had heard of him since the sinking, and how he made shore, and then found his way back to his pals, is still an unsolved mystery.

The Talker

By MARION H. ADDINGTON

My dog can't talk, but he can give
The very grinniest grin
When he stands waiting at the door
For me to let him in.

And if I whistle him to come
As I start down the walk,
His wagging tail tells me so much
He doesn't need to talk.

Then, when I say, "Come on, let's go!"
He gives a happy bark,
To say it's great, the two of us
Are going for a lark.

So even if there is no speech,
That he can have for his,
He never seems to lack for ways
To show how glad he is!

Sentries of the Wild

GUARD duty seems to be an instinct ever present in the realm of wildlife. At every bird and animal rendezvous can be found sentries ever on the alert for danger.

Animals who depend upon speed for their existence against enemies have good hearing, a keen sense of smell, and excellent eyesight. A mountain sheep sentry can spot danger at a distance of five miles.

The beaver sentry's well-known warning signal, the slapping of his flat tail on the water, can be heard for quite a distance.

When a flock of crows meet in a woods,

it is a very noisy session indeed, but the sharp-eyed sentry's clear cry at the sight of danger can be heard above all the rest.

Never do you see a whole flock of sheep lie down at the same time. Whenever the flock beds down, a few will always remain standing to act as sentries. When these get tired and lie down, others will immediately arise to replace them.

Very rare is the incident of a bird or animal sentry "sleeping on the job," but if one should happen to do so, dire punishment is meted out to him by the others of his kind.

—George S. Lookabaugh

Purring Puma

Unlike most cats, who became staid and dignified with age, the puma never loses his love for play. Close observers of this member of the cat family are impressed with the belief that he would like to make friends with man, if he dared.



LIKE most animals of the cat family, the puma is often a much maligned creature, its ferocity equalling, perhaps, its size, in the minds of those *intrepid* hunters who seek merely to enlarge upon their own feats as "brave men and bold."

This animal, variously called puma, cougar, and mountain lion, is the most widely known member of the cat family in North America. It is found in our western mountain ranges, in the "bad lands" of Montana and Wyoming, in British

Columbia, in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State, and in Florida. Its territory, indeed, extends all the way southward to Patagonia at the southern tip of South America.

Possibly, the deadliest feature of the puma, as far as man is concerned, is its scream, which has been described as similar to that of a terrified woman or boy. As a matter of fact this thin, flat-sided cat, ranging up to eight feet from nose to tail-tip and weighing some 225 pounds, usually avoids humans when possible, especially in regions where it is hunted.

The puma lives in dens among the rocks, or in thick brush or forests. Its young vary in numbers from two to five. Mature pumas are nearly uniform in color, a tawny brown in winter; redder brown in spring. The cubs, however, are marked with black spots and stripes and have ringed tails.

There are few, if any, instances recorded where the northern puma has attacked a man unprovoked, and in the plains of South America and forests of Central America, both the Indians and Gauchos considered it the one wild cat friendly to man. This belief has been handed down ever since the first Spanish conquest, the old Spaniards terming the animal, *amigo del Cristiano*, the Christian's friend.

In fact, a parallel might well be drawn between the puma and the domestic pet favored in many households. For, like the house cat, its king-size cousin seems to remain always a kitten at heart, frolicking about and making phantom passes at butterflies or wind-blown leaves.

Many stories have been told of this friendliness. One, in particular, concerns a miner, in British Guiana, who started by boat for a mine. He had his meals on board, but preferred to go ashore at night and sling a hammock between two trees. One morning two of the Indian crew, laughing uproariously, brought the miner's hammock on board. The captain asked what the joke was, whereupon, one of the natives pointed to the trees where the hammock had been slung, and said, "Tiger sleep with old man last night." On closer inspection, there could, indeed, be seen a hollow and marks on the leaves, showing that a puma had been lying right under the man's hammock. When asked if he had noticed anything in the night, he said, "Only the frogs croaking wakened me." The croaking he heard was undoubtedly the hoarse purring of a friendly puma enjoying his proximity to a sleeping man.

Source . . . By LALIA MITCHELL THORNTON

I found a butterfly sipping the wine
Of summer rain that gathered in the cup
Of bloom upon a honeysuckle vine.
I saw a hummingbird that came to sup
From out a lily's chalice, and I knew
That never skill of man can make as sweet

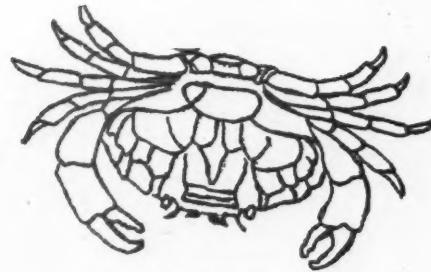
A nectar as the softly falling dew
That gathers on the clover at our feet.
We boast so much, so little understood,
We shut our eyes to beauty, and we plod
A toilsome way, forgetting that the good
And beautiful of earth, come straight from God.



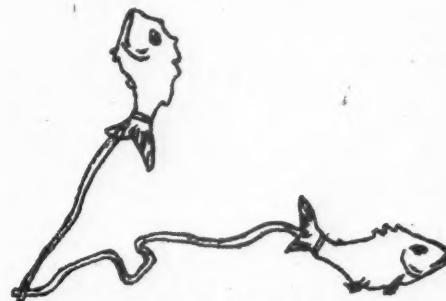
LEO—THE LION



CAPRICORNUS—THE GOAT



CANCER—THE CRAB



PISCES—THE FISHES

ANIMALS OF ASTRONOMY

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

ANCIENT astronomers kept our dumb animals very much in mind when they first charted the course of the stars and developed the study of the still mysterious universe.

Seven of the twelve signs of the zodiac were named after animals in the time of the astronomer Hipparchus, about 2,000 years ago. The English translations of the original Latin names are: the Ram, Bull, Crab, Lion, Scorpion, Goat, and the Fishes.

Variety was the spice of astronomy in those days. It is noteworthy, too, that no generation of scientists since then has ever come forward with a suggestion that the names of the zodiac signs should be altered.

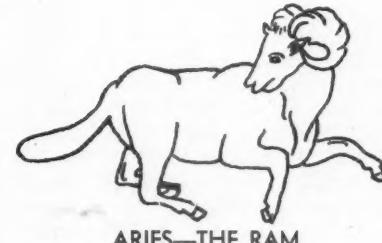
The brightest star in the heavens is Sirius, more commonly known as the Dog Star—a name that it has retained since ancient times. It, also, gave name to the "dog days," a term applied by the ancients before the Christian era began.

The dog days were anciently a period of about forty days, the hottest season of the year, at the time of the rising of Sirius. Nowadays, they are counted from early July to almost mid-August, the dates differing from ancient days.

The sciences of navigation and geography often go hand in hand with astronomy. Thus, it is no surprise that two of the five zones into which the earth is divided take their names from signs of the zodiac. The Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn are literally the earth zones of the crab and the goat.

And old-time seafarers still talk knowingly about the "horse latitudes," an imaginary area of the ocean just north of the Tropic of Cancer and directly south of the Tropic of Capricorn.

Why and when they were so named is uncertain at this late date, though many a seagoing legend has been spun by sailors to account for the horse latitudes.



ARIES—THE RAM



SCORPIO—
THE SCORPION



TAURUS—THE BULL

Mythical Animals

By WILBERT NATHAN SAVAGE

EVEN a child of modern times can gleefully laugh at the fantastic and ridiculous forms of imaginary animal life which our ancestors once believed in—ranging all the way from the magic-horned unicorn to the frightful winged dragon which breathed smoke and fire and had sixteen heads of different colors.

The mythical griffin was one of the most feared creatures of ancient times. It was supposed to resemble the eagle, but was a hundred times larger, and had the body of a lion, eight times the size of an ordinary lion. His talons were said to be as long as the horns of an ox, and as sharp as needles.

The phoenix was another imaginary bird which was greatly feared. It was popularly believed that the bird always lived to be 540 years old—no more, no less. Many a weird tale of mystery and magic was woven around this bizarre bird which was confined within the borders of Europe.

We still use the word "gorgon" as a term of terror. This reference can be traced to a belief of the ancients that a fearful creature existed in the unexplored jungles of Africa—and they gave the name "gorgon" to their conjured terror. It had the body of an armadillo, with a serpent-like tail, and the legs and feet of a pig, but it was all armed with great razor-sharp scales. The head, according to drawings of the imaginary animal, resembled the head of an ox, covered with serpents. The gorgon, it was widely believed, could send forth poison from its breath, which would instantly destroy anything which dared attack it.

There was virtually no end to the foolish and impossible creatures which frightened people of ancient times. They believed there was a strange and dangerous sheep which possessed magic powers and grew on a tree; there was a hideous thing called the chimera, which had three heads, all different; they feared great whales which had tusks twelve feet long, and huge harpies which drew seamen to destruction.

But the ancients did not waste all their fright on these creatures of the imagination, for they had to worry about other especially dangerous animals and birds, which never existed. Great fear revolved around the terrible sea-kraken, giant fire-breathing bulls, the dreadful flying satyrs, and countless others.



WHAT is the difference between a flea and an elephant?" "I don't know. What?"

- "Why, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants."

ANIMAL LAND

A Wisconsin man has trained his dog to go to the newsstand at a stated time each day and bring home his master's paper. One day the little messenger had torn a piece out of the paper. The man borrowed his neighbor's copy and found, on the page which his dog had torn, news of an outbreak of rabies.

At least one stray cat has a charmed life, namely the feline who has taken up her abode, with her family, at Turner's Arena, in Washington. Since she appeared at the fight club, attendance has more than doubled. Woe to the unlucky soul who dares to do her harm.

A judge in the Kentucky Court of Appeals handed down a decision which is extremely cogent, I think. He said: "The human animal oftentimes speaks falsely, but the lower animals, not possessing that attribute to deceive, disclose the truth by obedience to an inherent nature and instinct."

Red ants are used for seasoning food by some natives who live on the island of Borneo.

The Komodo dragon, or monitor lizard, is the largest lizard that exists in the world today. Its habitat is Dutch East Indies, with some species of its family living in Australia. This reptile, which is known as a dragon, is about fifteen feet long, a really plain-looking fellow with none of the embellishments like those shown on drawings of the Chinese dragon.

We have recently found out why men who treat diseases of animals are called veterinarians. It seems that the word is Latin in derivation. Veterinarius means "of, or pertaining to, a beast of burden."

The lineage of the chihuahua dog is most interesting. It is reported that the chihuahua has been the pet of the Toltec Indians and their descendants since about 750 A.D. Closely associated with the religion of these ancient peoples, these dogs were buried with their masters so that their jewel-bright eyes might light the way to the other world and frighten off evil spirits.

A dog, in Salisbury, Maryland, lost a tooth, so his dentist-master made him a gold one to take its place.

—Jack Pearson

Police Protection

By ETHEL M. RICE

SNOOTY" is a Scotty dog. Unfortunately, having been ill-treated by a child, he feels that all children are enemies and he naturally is on the war-path when one approaches.

Three-year-old Robby adores his own little dog and has no fear of others. Recently Robby evaded Mother's watchful care and slipped from the yard, across the street directly to the walk where sat Snooky. Mother opened her door just in time to see the dog start slowly toward the child, bristling and growling. She dared not speak to either the dog or Robby lest the latter turn and the dog spring upon him.

At that moment down the street dashed a huge police-dog, hair on end, directly headed for the child! Mother stood petrified with fear, not daring to go forward or to speak lest she infuriate the dogs and so add to the danger. On came the police dog. With a rush he planted himself directly in front of Robby and faced the enemy. Then his lips rolled back as he growled and snapped at the smaller dog. Snooky turned tail and disappeared back of the house.

The big dog lapped Robby's face and then trotted off. He had done his good Scout deed for that day.



To "Penny"

By JOYCE WILSON

*You lay at my feet when I studied,
You welcomed me home at night,
You hid my slippers and tore my books,
Cuddled up close when I put out the light.*

*You trailed gleefully along behind me,
When I turned down wooded lanes;
You accompanied my terrible singing
With off-key barking refrains.*

*Your ears were just like Dumbo's,
Your feet like feather dusters were,
Your eyes were brown and tender,
And soft as down was your fur.*

*You frightened the neighbors half to death
With your bark that was worse than your
bite.*

*You chased the chickens and the cat,
And you howled at the moon at night.*

*You put runs in my stockings,
Left muddy footprints on my bed,
I should have thoroughly spanked you
Twenty times a day, but instead,*

*Now I find I'm really sorry
For the times I did punish you,
And if it's not too late now, Penny
I'd like to say, "I love you."*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Next to Human

YOUNG Donald Hulbert, who lives near Muskegon, Michigan, can be justly proud of his saddle horse, "Red." In an emergency without precedence in his experience Red revealed an intelligence little less than human.

Mr. Hulbert had recently purchased "Lady," a young Hambletonian mare, for Donald's brother Larry. Her former owner lived not far from the Hulberts' country home. One night Lady broke away and, accompanied by Red, started down M-20 toward her old home.

About eleven o'clock Stanley Nylander who lives on M-20 was awakened by an unusual thumping noise at the front of the house. When he investigated he found Red frantically pawing on the porch floor. As soon as he saw Mr. Nylander, Red dashed away and galloped down the highway.

Curious to see what had happened, Mr. Nylander followed. A considerable distance away he found Red standing protectingly, though helplessly, over Lady who lay on the highway bleeding profusely. He was shielding her body with his own.

An examination showed that Lady's side had been badly injured by the door handle of an automobile that had passed too close to her. She had run about half a mile after the accident, until weakened by loss of blood she had fallen. Red's gallant efforts to save her were unavailing, and she died before morning.

—*Evien G. Beaudry*



Mother Love

PUDGY is just plain "Dog." She is now mascot of a Government warehouse in Chicago.

About two years ago Pudgy had six puppies. They were born under a pile of wheelbarrows alongside the railroad tracks. When she and her family were discovered, they were removed to one of the shacks in the warehouse yard. It was found that three of the pups were dead, having been drowned by the rain water running down the bank of the railroad bed during a rainstorm the night before. They were left there and the rest removed.

A short time later that day, the Superintendent, walking through the yard, saw Pudgy digging under the wheelbarrows and, watching her, saw her bring out one pup, dig a hole, put the pup into the hole, place a little dirt over it; go back for another pup, place it in the hole, cover it with dirt; go back for the third, and when all three were buried, she lay on their grave with her head between her paws. She lay there for about an hour, and then walked away.

—*Florence Krase*



Peccary, or Mexican Wild Pig

Strange Pigs and Their Cousins

By WILBERT N. SAVAGE

WHEN pigs were first domesticated by man, no one can say, but we do know that common American types had their origin in the Old World. Indeed, our finest varieties of today are cousins of wild hogs of other lands, from which they descended. We know that pigs were common two thousand or more years ago, for they are mentioned frequently in the Bible.

Throughout the world there are many strange and remarkable kinds of hogs. The pygmy pig, no larger than a hare when full-grown, is native to certain parts of India. A further unusual example of pig life may be found in Africa, south of the Sahara, where the bush pigs dwell. These wild creatures are distinguished by the presence of large permanent swellings on each side of the face.

The African forest hog is the largest member of the swine family. Their tusks are of great size, and as weapons of defense they are so formidable that the giant animal can meet the tiger on

terms of equality. Large and fierce as he is, the forest hog is little known. Livingstone and Stanley both heard rumors of him, but dared not believe native reports. It is known, however, that they reach a weight far exceeding that of any other wild hog and, size for size, their great strength, which is said to be displayed only when the creature is aroused to extreme rage, is perhaps equalled by no other animal in the world.

If a medal should be awarded the ugliest hog, the warthog of Ethiopia would surely capture the prize, for he is so hideous in appearance that not even the hyena—the social outcast of the animal world—will associate with him.

The parent stock of most pigs found in Canada and the United States was brought from Europe, and chiefly from England. The English Yorkshire attains the greatest size of any domestic variety, but some of the best and most popular breeds—the Chester Whites, Duroc-Jerseys, and Poland-Chinas—were developed here in the United States.



Puppy Love By DAISY C. RENNAHAN

As I set forth the other day,
To find a friend along the way;
I did not know his name or face,
Nor where he lived, nor in what place;
Yet I was sure that there must be,
Someone, somewhere, who needed me,
To be his friend, and I would find—
In turn affection, true and kind.

I walked some blocks in silent mood,
I saw no one who understood;
The longing that was in my heart,
A feeling that could not depart—
Then finally in a market place,
I saw a pup with forlorn face;
And in his hopeful look I read,
The answer to the words not said.

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

ERIC H. HANSEN, President
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eight Bands of Mercy were organized in June. These were distributed as follows:

Virginia	7
Pennsylvania	1

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 270, 418.

SUMMARY OF FIELD WORK

Number of addresses made,	67
Number of persons in audiences,	7,895



JUNE REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, BROCKTON AND NEW BEDFORD, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	14,626
Cases investigated	181
Animals examined	2,684
Animals placed in homes	234
Lost animals restored to owners	50
Number of prosecutions	4
Number of convictions	3
Horses taken from work	16
Horses humanely put to sleep	16
Small animals humanely put to sleep	3,448
Horse auctions attended	18
Stockyards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	45,520
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	11



Any Old Papers?

THE Angell Memorial Hospital is once again in urgent need of old newspapers and will appreciate small or large gifts of discarded papers.

Meeting at Pikesville

President Hansen Addresses Maryland Convocation

A N interesting program was presented at the meeting of the Humane Society of Baltimore County, Pikesville, Maryland, June 13. The welcoming address was presented by the Society's Honorary President, Rev. Philip J. Jensen, D.D. The Honorable J. Howard Murray presided and introduced the speakers. First on the program was Mr. Christian H. Kahl, President of the Board of County Commissioners of Baltimore County. Mr. Kahl's topic was "Baltimore County's Arrangement with Humane Society of Baltimore County." Following this speech, our own President Eric H. Hansen talked on Humane Education, pointing out the all important value of this subject in any humane society program. President Hansen stressed the value of kindness, justice and mercy as qualities necessary in good citizenship.

"Enforcement of Dog License Law in Harford County" was explained by the Hon. J. Wilmer Cronin, Senator from that county. The program ended with an address by the Governor of Maryland, Hon. Herbert R. O'Conor, who explained "The State's Interest in the Dog Problem."

The meeting, held for the purpose of exchanging views on the very important part a humane society plays in the animal control problem, was under the over-all charge of the Society's President, Mrs. Bolling Barton. The Society has been doing such an outstanding work that the meeting attracted officials from every part of the State.

Under Mrs. Barton's able leadership, 150 persons were served luncheon and entertained on the 26-acre estate which surrounds the beautiful buildings of the organization.



(Left to right) Rev. Philip J. Jensen, D.D., Governor Herbert R. O'Conor, President Eric H. Hansen

Over the Networks



Mrs. Charlena Kibbe broadcasting.



Miss Margaret Kearns broadcasting.

ABOUT four months ago, we inaugurated a new series of broadcasts called, "Bird and Animal Lore." Staff member Miss Margaret J. Kearns has brought to the microphone stories from *Our Dumb Animals* and interesting facts concerning animals and birds.

In addition, well-known personalities appear with Miss Kearns from time to time to tell the radio audience of personal experiences with our furred and feathered friends. One broadcast featured Thornton W. Burgess, known the world over for his stories of animal life.

To interest children in the program, Miss Kearns announced, early in June, a letter writing contest and invited children to send in letters on "How I Take Care of My Pet." The number of entries

received was astonishing and the judges were hard put to it to pick out the winners. A gold pin was given for the first prize, a silver pin for second place, and five honorable mentions were awarded subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*.

The response on the part of the public has been enthusiastic and it is planned to keep this program on the air for some time to come.

For these broadcasts listen to WHDH—850 on your dial—each Saturday from 2:05-2:15 P.M.

In Springfield, Mrs. Charlena Kibbe is a veteran broadcaster. For a number of years, she has produced her weekly program of animal stories. It goes without saying that her broadcasts are well received, as quantities of mail and tele-

phone calls testify.

In addition to stories of animal life and happenings at our Springfield Branch, Mrs. Kibbe frequently brings school children to the microphone for special presentations.

For these broadcasts listen to WSPR—1270 on your dial—each Tuesday at 2:15 P.M.

Both programs are informative and entertaining. If you like animals and birds and if you enjoy hearing interesting stories of their habits and odd facts concerning their lives, you will not be disappointed.

So, don't forget—tune in each Tuesday and Saturday. The programs are sponsored by your Society and produced for your pleasure.

Letter from a Junior

The following letter from Sally Acton, junior member of the Animal Protective Association, Washington, D. C., shows that children are alive to the need for kindness:

I TAKE good care of my dog. His name is 'Mickey.' He plays hide-and-go-seek with me. He's 11 years old and he takes good care of me, too. When I was little I had a cat, a dog, a duck, a pigeon, and that's about all.

"One night my father was walking Mickey and saw a dog. He went over to the dog and patted it. The dog was scared. He looked like he was just beat. My father took the dog home with him. He wouldn't come in the house, but my father brought a dish of milk outside. And every night he would do that. Finally one night she came in the house, but she was scared.

"We kept her in and fed her. We named her 'Lady.'"

Special Days for Animals

By IDA M. PARDUE

NOT only every dog, but every animal has his day—in some part of the world.

Centuries ago, the Druids, ancient priest-clan of the Celts, held strange rites each spring to protect cattle against disease. Herds were run between great crackling fires, amid prayers and incantations. Oddly enough, this peculiar observance has never become obsolete. It hasn't been so very long since it was practiced in Gaelic Scotland, and it is still the main event of the May Day festivities in modern Brittany. In Lithuania, too, there is a similar ritual observed on St. John's Eve, when cattle are driven through "St. John's fires" to keep them healthy during the following year.

In some places there is confidence in the powers of certain foods to ward off illnesses and other dangers. Thus Good Friday buns are provided for cattle in some sections of Britain. Belgian housewives bake special loaves of bread on St. Hubert's Day, November 3, and feed them to the dogs, horses and other animals, as a preventative against rabies.

Because sometimes animals are hurt or killed during storms, weird ceremonies are followed in Bulgaria on St. Elijah's Day. Bulgarians attribute the rain, snow and hail to this Saint, whose mercy is beseeched during the rituals. This is due to an old superstition claiming that an animal which walks on wood shavings on Shrove Tuesday will have sore feet.



Wild Mountain Goats

TWENTY-FIVE miles from metropolitan Los Angeles, up in the hills of Santa Catalina Island, there are literally thousands of wild mountain goats, the forerunners of which were probably left there several centuries ago.

Spain's early conquistadores and navigators had a pleasant habit of stocking islands in the southern channel group with food animals from Europe in their exploring trips along the coast-line of what is now California. Don Juan Cabrillo's 1542 expedition may be responsible for the huge herd of today. Possibly Father Torquemada, who came to the Island in 1602, left a few goats there. It is even claimed that he made a pact with the Indian inhabitants, making provision for care of the goats and their use for milking, but not to be slain unless by the white man.

On Santa Catalina Island were luxuriant grasses and shrubs, and the animals grew to a far greater size than their ancestors, a full grown buck found there now might weigh as much as 350 pounds, with a horn spread of up to 36 inches.

—Clarence M. Lindsay



Stop!

A SMALL white kitten casually lapped its fill of milk at the intersection of 8th Avenue and 54th Street, New York, during the noon hour rush recently while traffic fumed and cussed.

When a 30-gallon can fell from a passing truck, Patrolman Thomas Reilly halted traffic while the driver retrieved the can. Just as he was about to blow the whistle, the kitten crept up and started lapping milk. The whistle remained unblown—traffic remained at a standstill—the light changed to green three times. Presently the cat turned, walked over to the curb and sat down to lick its paws. Patrolman Reilly gave a loud blast and traffic once more started its steady flow.

—James E. Knowles

Strange Brood

WHEN a cat chases a chicken, it isn't news, just propaganda for people that don't like cats.

When a chicken chases a cat, it's a true story about a little red Hampshire hen at the Pickering farm near Lombard, Illinois.

This winter biddy was so determined to mother something that she pushed and pecked a mother cat away from her tiny kittens. The hen spread her wings to keep them warm and responded to their playful moods until she would get worn out and hide her head in the straw nest.

Some dim hen sense must have told her she had limitations as a mother, because twice a day she let Mrs. Pickering take her off the nest so the rightful but chastened mother could feed them!

—Catherine Gibbs



Miss Beatrice Housel spoon-feeds her pet when mealtime arrives.

Spoon Service

DON'T be alarmed, cat lovers, at the accompanying photograph. "Panda," the cat in the photograph, isn't ill and being given medicine. No, for Panda likes to be fed that way—nice, nourishing milk out of a spoon.

Panda, admittedly a tabby of somewhat mixed ancestry, is the beloved pet of Miss Beatrice Housel, Elmira, N. Y., war factory worker. Miss Housel started the spoon-feeding procedure when Panda was a kitten and now Panda insists upon, and receives that form of feeding service at mealtimes. Now and then she drinks from a cup or glass, but the spoon service is the best of all, she thinks.

—Edward L. Van Dyke

Tragedy

*They must have seen me hiding there
Within the shadows at the stair,
Watching them build with care and art
A nest that soon would house a part
Of each small body. Yet, they came,
(Like two gay children at a game)
From each short trip with something new—
A length of string, a bit or two
Of colored rag to weave a note
Of gaiety while from each throat
Issued the songs I knew so well,
Casting upon me some gay spell.*

*'Twas done at last! I went away,
Thinking to come another day;
And so I did, and what was there
But four small eggs, so blue and fair;
Four little eggs warmed by the sun
Born to the world, but still undone,
For there below upon the ground
Her drab-brown feathers scattered 'round,
The mother lay, so cold and still—
Her unborn babies on the sill,
Never to know and voice the cheer
That heralds Spring's approach each year.*

—Salvatore J. Marsiglia



"Copy Cat"

PRINTER'S ink apparently has its attractions for animals as well as human beings. At least, that was the case of this black and white cat that wandered in from parts unknown one night to take up residence in the editorial room of *The Clarion-Ledger*, Jackson, Mississippi.

Forty-eight hours after she had made her way in from the street, through the press room, and up the stairs to the newsroom, she produced her family of three milk-white kittens, and later on obligingly posed for Roscoe Robson, staff photographer.

On the morning the picture appeared in the paper with a legend stating that the kittens were "up for adoption" as soon as they could safely be taken from the mother, telephone calls poured in from cat lovers, with the result that by noon, homes were found for the three.

—Mary Alice Bookhart



"Copy Cat" and offspring.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Birds of Our States

THIRTY-SIX of our states have adopted official state birds, either by legislative action, by proclamation of the governor, or by long established precedent. The remaining twelve states have unofficial state birds. Regardless of their official status, however, each bird is more interesting as a friend than a stranger.

So that you may become better acquainted with these friends, we have asked the father bird to give you some clues about himself. Without looking at the answer, see if you can identify him. Then study the information so you'll be able to know any of the state birds wherever you see them. It will be lots of fun. Try it.

Do You Know Me?

First Clue: In size I don't amount to so much, but what I lack in size, I make up for in color. In summer, my plumage is bright yellow, except on crown of head, frontlet, wings and tail, which are black, but in winter, I am drab green. I look very much like the domesticated canary, so much so, that I am often called the "Wild Canary," as well as "Salad-bird," and "Yellow-bird." . . . Who am I?

Second Clue: I have two outstanding traits—the way I fly, in a sort of rising, falling, waving motion, never in a straight line—and my odd nesting habit. My charming mate and I never build our nests far from the ground, usually placed in the fork of a low hanging limb. We construct a beautiful nest, a cup-like structure, composed of the finest grasses and moss, lined with willow down, milkweed silks or other soft materials. . . . Who am I?

Third Clue: Many people enjoy my sweet, plaintive song as I soar through the air. I find the seeds of marigolds, sunflowers, zinnias and asters especially delicious food. Most gardeners gladly give us flower seeds in payment for the vast number of insects we devour. Both adults and youngsters are very fond of canker-worms, plant lice, grasshoppers, crickets and many other injurious pests. . . . Who am I?

Fourth Clue: I am a member of one of the largest bird families in the nation. We are all closely related and with the exception of cousin "Purple . . ." we look very much alike and have the same peculiar habits. We are sociable and are seldom seen, save in the nesting season, except in large parties. We are never in a hurry about nest building and many of the other birds have hatched one family before we even decide upon a building site. I help care for our youngsters, usually 4 or 5. . . . Who am I?

Fifth Clue: I am the unofficial choice in Minnesota and have been voted officially as State Bird for Iowa and New Jersey. . . . Who am I?

Answer: GOLDFINCH

—Jewell Casey

August 1945



"LASSIE" FEEDS A FRIEND.



Fair Judgment

By ANNA M. PRIESTLEY

*The boy, whose dog looks up at him
With loyal, trusting eyes,
Is apt to be known to his playmates
As one of those regular guys.*

*The girl whose kitten cuddles up
With never a sign of fear,
Is pretty certain to be the kind
Whom everyone calls a dear.*

*But the boy who is cruel to his dog
And the girl unkind to her cat,
Will prove the same to their human friends,
You may rest assured of that.*

Lauds New Film

WE are proud to quote from a letter received from the Bureau of Visual Instruction, Board of Education, New York City.

"I think this is one of the very best pictures ('Out of the Heart') I have seen for use with small children. It seems to me to combine with unusual success the statement of correct information together with a presentation, which cannot fail to appeal mainly to children in such a way as to induce desirable activities on their part. I took the liberty, while the film was here, of showing it to a group of elementary teachers who were here for a meeting on another subject, and they were unanimous in agreeing with me.

"We have 23 district film libraries. I wish it were possible immediately to secure 23 prints of your delightful and excellent film, so that all or most of our children might see it."



"Kittywit" Club

THE Kittywit Junior Humane Club, of Bangor, Maine, connected with the Fifth Street Junior High School, gave recently an interesting program in the school auditorium before a large group of parents, friends and schoolmates. The Club was organized last October, and now numbers 172 members.

While other organizations work for the betterment of humans, this Club is busy along animal welfare lines. Among its projects are the returning of lost pets to owners, finding homes for unwanted animals, encouraging better care of household pets, providing license for a little dog, preparing animal scrapbooks to be delivered to children's institutions, paying for the care of the Club mascot, "Gloria Marie," providing humane book-marks to the entire school, and in many ways making practical their motto, "We protect the helpless."



Marine Values Pet

MY dog is my heart and soul," wrote Marine Sgt. Gregory Johnson, now on his second mission in the Southwest Pacific, in a recent letter home. "If anything happens to him, nobody is to blame except you people who accepted the responsibility for him."

Later he asked for a monthly picture of the German shepherd, "Chief," "So I can see how he's growing." A month ago Sgt. Johnson wrote, "Hope Chief is well. That's about my largest worry."

A week later Chief disappeared and all efforts to find him have been fruitless.

Energetic Worker

OUR field worker, Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, devoted four months last spring in visiting the parochial schools around Boston, establishing a record of performance that would be difficult to equal.

Traveling some 2,078 miles, Miss Gilbert visited 52 schools, reaching by means of over three hundred talks, 18,696 children. During this time, she formed 460 Bands of Mercy and reports that the children are enthusiastic over the activities of the groups.

Miss Gilbert plans, in the future, to return to this section to visit the hundred or more schools that she did not have time to contact this spring. She is enthusiastic in her praise for the fine cooperation afforded her on every hand.



"Just Nuisance"

THE true story of a dog sent by a friend in Cape Town, South Africa, to a sister in England, and sent to the Rev. Whitney Hale, Rector of the Church of the Advent, by Mrs. Bartram Tollington, now living in England, and formerly of Boston.

"Just Nuisance," South Africa's most famous dog, a huge, tawny Great Dane, has just died and caused a pang of sorrow for all sailors. Nuisance acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to all members of the lower deck. He was always with the blue jackets and came into Cape Town every day by train from Simonstown. The officials tried at first to eject him from the train, but he always jumped through the next window and as nobody dared tackle him except a sailor, he was allowed to travel free daily and when he wished.

He always took a whole seat (which held three people) but always gave it up if sailors wanted it. He had a proper bed in the dormitory in one of the Sailors' Clubs in Cape Town and he frequented all the clubs and hotels they visited.

His devotion to duty was marvelous and, in consequence, he held the rank of able seaman. At night he went round the clubs and always found a sailor the worse for wear. Nuisance would take him by the cuff and get him to the station, into the right train, standing guard over him the entire journey. At Simonstown, he would get him out and lead him to Camp. This happened every night and he never missed the last train.

Last week he died and was buried with naval honors. His body was wrapped in the white ensign and a party of marines (Royal) fired a volley as Nuisance was lowered into his grave. Then buglers sounded the "Last Post" over his grave. The Royal Navy will build a monument to its most famous rating.



Out patients at the Fondouk.

Help the Fondouk

Funds are urgently needed to insure the continuance of animal work at The American Fondouk, in Fez, Morocco. Because of the war, supplies have become scarce and prices for those available have soared to such an extent that Superintendent Delon has had great difficulty in coping with the situation.

Our Society is vitally interested in this project, a work carried on in North Africa, but supported solely by friends in this country. As President Emeritus, Dr. Francis H. Rowley has for many years sponsored this work in a far-off land and our President, Eric H. Hansen, has recently been elected a Director and member of the Executive Committee.

In response to an urgent request from Superintendent Delon, we have sent a large supply of veterinary medicines and other supplies, which have become unobtainable in Morocco.

Visitors to North Africa have returned with stories of the sorry plight of animals in this region. The American Fondouk is their only oasis of help and mercy. We urge our readers to send contributions for this much needed work. Gifts may be sent to The American Fondouk Maintenance Committee, Inc., M. E. Lyon, Treasurer, 50 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y., or, if preferred, to our Society. We shall be glad to see that such donations are forwarded promptly.



To Subscribers

We ask our subscribers to be patient if copies do not come through on time. Because of increasing difficulties, from eight to twelve weeks should be allowed for new subscriptions to be entered.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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